

The Gleamer



APRIL, 1927

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APRIL, 1927

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THE STAFF



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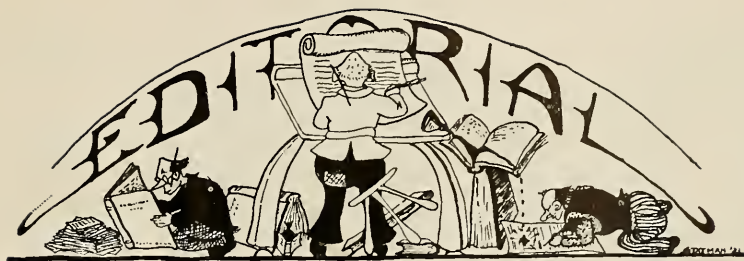
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CARL P. GREEN

Editor-in-Chief

As I See It

SINCE the sensational appearance of the play, "What Price Glory," the daily newspapers are even to this date flooded with column upon column of What Price this, and What Price that, ranging from Turkish tobacco to Tariff rates. There being so many What Prices, I am sure one more will not break the camel's back; and so I cry, not alone but in chorus, "What Price Diploma?"

Since February 20, campus chatter has been loudly, and I believe justly speculating upon the value of a diploma. The question, "What is it worth to us Farm School Students?" is not merely a question grown of idle chatter; it is based upon an official announcement.

If wrong is rewarded and right disregarded, what else are we to do but follow the course of least resistance, knowing in the end we, if dishonest, will be equally compensated as the honest?

Such is the hue and the cry of the campus.

* * * * *

In his every visit to Farm School, Mr. Grant Wright, when addressing the Student Body, has forcibly attempted to instill within the students, disregard of the current public opinion that Farm School represents a product of charity and an acceptance of the truth that Farm School represents the investment of men and women of keen perception and perspicacity. However, before we can accept the latter representation, we must take immediate steps to eradicate the former.

As Burke advocated the removal of cause as a means of eliminating colonial friction, so do we advocate such action in an effort to remove the misrepresentation of our school. The cause of trouble lies not in the undergraduate body, not in the public, but in the press.

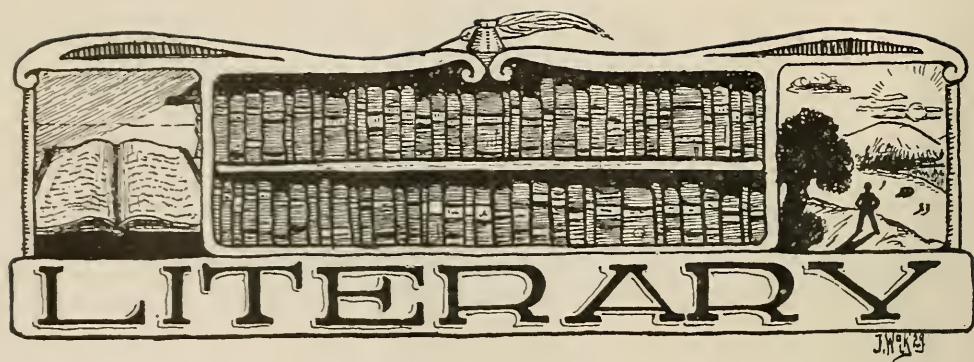
How can we accept Mr. Wright's statements, true as they are, when the press continues to publish articles concerning Farm School in which the school is represented as an institution for needy boys, maintained by public-spirited philanthropists. These clippings may be viewed in the "Library Clipping Book" which contains newspaper articles of Farm School interests published in papers throughout the country from the *New York Times* to the *San Francisco Sun*. If we and the public are to see Farm School honestly represented, let this misleading publicity first be eliminated.

* * * * *

Great economists and agriculturists are busy predicting prosperity which will, no doubt, come in a few years. Such prosperity, it is pointed out, must be built upon a sound foundation of industry and integrity. To justify their predictions these men have offered facts concerning the rapid development of agriculture. The most outstanding fact is the momentous growth of scientific education in farming. They have pointed out the increased matriculation, faculties, and means of education in the many universities throughout the country; and the trend of city youth toward agriculture, primarily through our school.

Such facts are conclusive proof of the soundness of this prophecy which will so affect us who are to pursue farming as a vocation.

In the coming year, we here should attempt to keep astride with the scientific trend in agriculture. Our interest in theoretical work should not cease when classes are dismissed, but should be maintained at all times. We should avail ourselves of the opportunity of procuring the many bulletins and pamphlets issued by the experiment stations and colleges. As Congressman Sol Bloom said at the graduation exercises, "The United States government has a department devoted solely to the interest of agriculture. This department is ever open to us." We may here gather information on anything and everything in the vast realm of agriculture. We, of N. F. S., should now strive to keep growing and expanding so that in a few short years we may be fully equipped to reap the profits of these well founded prophecies.



HERMAN B. TRICHON, '29

SOMEWHERE

VICTOR

*There's a peak that beckons, a port that
calls,
A lake that lures and a sea that thralls;
And I want to get out from my own four
walls
And beat it away to Somewhere!*

*There's a sun that shimmers, a breeze that
croons
Of fronded palm trees and blue lagoons.
And the drowsy glamour of tropic noons
Is drifting to me from Somewhere!*

*Afar from politics, crimes and courts,
From business troubles and stock reports:
On sun-drenched beaches my fancy sports
Or treks on the trail to Somewhere!*

*And I think, "I'm weary of stress and strife"
Where work and worry and noise are rife
And I want a taste of the wanderer's life
Along on the trail to Somewhere!"*

*But what's the use? I may dream of flight
To lands of wonder and rich delight,
But the ties that bind me will hold me tight
And I never shall get to Somewhere!*

Vengeance

HARRY E. ROGIN, '29

ABOARD the "Abbot" two huge forms, those of powerful men, could be seen struggling. Blows fell thick and heavy. Occasionally one man would fall to the deck but was up again in an instant. To one side of the fighting men stood a young boy, perhaps ten years of age. No one else was on the ship to witness the combat.

The fight continued into the stillness of the night. Only the pale moonlight told the awe-stricken child who was the mightier. Of a sudden, the silvery gleam of a knife appeared poised in the air. Then with a half savage yell, that sent a chill down the back of the watching child, the knife was plunged into the back of one. As the body sank to the deck, the victor dove off the rail and splashed into the black waters below. Everything was quiet once more.

The frightened child moved slowly towards the wounded man. Now he was at his side, all in a heap, clothes torn to pieces, groaning hoarsely.

Suddenly he saw the pallid face. A twisted, yet kindly smile was on his lips.

"Father"—the child had fallen on his knees and was stroking his forehead. It was wet with perspiration. The man had turned ghastly white.

"Easy! son, never you mind about me," came from the dying man in a very unsteady voice, "now, now, don't weep over me in that womanly fashion. Brace up while I talk to you."

"Son," he continued, "I'm as good as gone. The man who did it is one whom you will probably never meet again. Bill Stoyer was the man who loved your mother back in '96. Although it is some

years now that your dear mother is gone, it seems he still harbored revenge."

Here the man coughed loudly and a stream of blood flowed from his mouth.

"Sit quietly, father," the child consoled him. But he continued again.

"Tonight he came back. Although he was a bit changed, I recognized him by the black scar half-way round his neck. He tried—to—"

Here the man coughed once more and the blood flowed freely again.

"Son, this ship is your'n, make good of—her—some day—and—"

The body, with a sudden unnatural jerk, stiffened. The eyes rolled up, the flesh turned cold. He was gone.

* * *

In Sailors' Inn, many years later, there arrived a new crowd of seamen. A cargo ship had just come in and the Inn was swarmed with husky sailors. Everything was merriment. Unshaven men, with small dark caps and heavy blue trousers, were dancing, drinking and gambling.

In the corner, next to an old oaken table, sat a young man. His eyes, like black diamonds glittering in the dark, were watching the men drink glass after glass of liquor.

The man in the corner looked on. A smile appeared on his face as he saw the sailors dance. One man, he noticed, was staggering over the floor, with a bottle in his hand. Every now and then he took a long drink of it, and when it seemed as though he had drunk the bottle to the dregs, the man fell forward.

The man in the corner jumped to his feet. He was tall, very tall. His body was built in even proportions. A grim

smile was on his face. In a few bounds he was in the center of the floor, picking up the stupefied man; he saw an unmistakable dirty scar, running half-way round his neck.

"Wot's his name," he called to the crowd, who hadn't taken notice of them.

"Bill Stoyer, Bosn'mate," came a voice from one of the tables close by. The crowd again resumed their frolic.

The name resounded through the long halls of time. Everything came back to him. That dreadful night and the words, "dirty scar around his neck," and, "Bill Stoyer was the man," filled his heart with anger, revenge for the man that had slain his father.

Lifting the drunken man to his shoulders, he made his way out of the Inn. Here he proceeded to the "Abbot," which lay idle in dock.

About midnight, the drunkard regained consciousness. He was in a small room neatly furnished with soft chairs and smoking tables. The gentle rocking of the room told him it was the cabin of some ship.

From one end of the room the young man came forward and pulled a chair beside the dazed man.

"Stoyer?" he asked. There was a flaw in his voice as he said that name.

"Yep," answered the seaman.

The young man got up and walked to the steps leading to the deck.

"Wanter see yuh upstairs" and he darted up.

Everything was quiet on board. Only the ripple of the water against the side

could be heard now and then. The moon shone down once more upon the spot where there had once been a terrible conflict.

Standing there dreaming and waiting, he looked up to the heavens, clenched his fists and uttered, "I'll get him, Father."

Hearing footsteps in back, he turned and saw Stoyer. "Do you remember this spot," he asked, "do you remember the night you killed the Captain of the 'Abbot'?"

Stoyer turned pale, but bracing himself up, he said,

"Wot's that to you, youngster?"

"That man was my father."

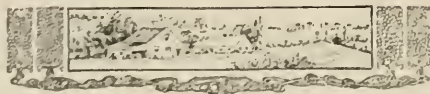
At that, the man, taken aback by this startling announcement, regained himself in an instant, turned and ran toward the bow of the ship.

The young man was on top of him in no time. Once more, upon the same spot, another battle ensued. Once more it was for revenge, but this time it was the youth that sought vengeance from the older man. Again blows fell thick and heavy. And occasionally one of the combatants would fall to the deck, but was up again fighting. But this time, only the moon could see who was the mightier.

Suddenly the silvery gleam of a knife pierced the darkness and fell with a thud into the body of one.

A tall, husky form, a silhouette in the moonlight, picked up the body of the wounded man, high above his head and with a victorious yell, threw the body into the water.

A splash! and solitude once more.



Three Women

By C. P. G.

I love three women dearly,
Yet know not which to wed;
I love all three, and they love me.
To marry one I dread.



The first is dark Lolita,
With form so slim and tall;
This Spanish maid, with eyes of jade,
Would make a statue fall.

The second one is Renée,
A laughing maid of France,
With smile so sweet, and form petite,
A mummy she'd entrance.



The third is dainty Helen,
A simple country maid,
With face so fair, her vacant stare
Would get the mortgage paid.

And so I'm in a quandary,
I don't know what do do;
I need the dough, so d—n bad, so
I guess I'll marry Sue.



Retribution

WILLIAM GOODSTEIN, '29

THERE are few things so awe inspiring, so captivating as mountain scenery. Yet to a man well on in years, the dusty, fatiguing roads winding up precipitous slopes, laboring through damp defiles are, to say the least, tiresome and, at times, quite lonesome. But there is one feature which repays all fatigue, all hardship, even the nerve-racking trip in the rickety stage coach. I refer to the little wayside inns where one may rest and recall the past, hear again tales of romance, of intrigue, with only the companionable crackling of the glowing fire logs to disturb the stillness.

Whether it was fate or chance that led me to the first inn on the Dijon road, I do not know. Suffice it to say that I did stop there. As the coach jolted to a stop, I alighted, paid the fare and entered the inn. I was greeted by a small man, who, at the sight of a possible patron, was transformed from a glum looking individual to an obsequious host.

After some moments of haggling over fees, I determined on a few days' rest in this nook in the hills. My decision was made the more readily when I learned that there was but one other guest at the inn. The inn-keeper immediately set about preparing refreshments, and within a few moments I was engaged upon a simple, but pleasant luncheon. At the completion of my meal, I relaxed and sat gazing into the hearth-fire at the other side of the room.

Suddenly a man entered the room, and silently, I might almost say, stealthily, glided over to the fireplace. My first impulse was to greet him with the usual words with which one traveler accosts

another. But something chilling in his manner restrained me, so that I uttered no word of welcome, but sat silently, and perhaps impolitely staring at him. The inn-keeper entered, cleared away the dishes and very thoughtfully lighted my pipe with a fagot from the hearth. Not once did he glance at the stranger; indeed, he seemed to be wholly unaware of his presence. There was nothing, I suppose, so positively unusual in this, but nevertheless I found the entire situation somewhat disturbing. However, I merely gripped my pipe harder between my teeth and settled down for a quiet night's reading.

From time to time I glanced up from my book in the direction of the silent and mysterious figure, only to be met each time with a furtive and apparently suspicious glance. Suddenly, without a warning movement or sound of any sort, the stranger bounded across the room and launched a slim, strong hand at my throat.

"Ha, m'sieu, you have guessed my identity, but you shall not tell the officers I am here!" His eyes flashed angrily as he hissed these words through his teeth. There was something of a mortal terror in the black depths of those orbs, and a something also which caused me in a flash to recall a certain "villain" whom I had condemned in one of my recent play reviews.

My first impression was that I had fallen into the hands of a terror-stricken maniac, and I attempted to free myself. I struggled savagely until the stranger flashed an ominous looking poniard before my eyes.

"Non, non, m'sieu," and he pushed the blade close to my breast, "you shall know who I am, but none other shall." His eyes gleamed fiercely and I fancied I felt the point of his dagger against my breast. "You will promise me this, or—" he glanced at the blade significantly.

"But first you must hear the tale of an unhappy, ill-treated man. It will help you keep your promise." So saying, he released the hold upon my throat, and seemingly without effort, spun me head over heels into a corner of the room. As I arose he poised the dagger in the palm of his hand, and threatened to dart it into my heart at the first outcry. Between terror and inspired dignity—for was I not Franklyn Marvin, the greatest dramatic critic of England and the Continent?—I was half out of my mind and certainly in no condition to make an outcry.

"Oh, m'sieu, you think I am crazy, but you are mistaken. It is only that I am blind with grief and terror. Had you been through the adversity that I have suffered, perhaps you, too, would do as I do." He paused and a softening change came over his countenance. For a long time I listened to his story, so engrossed was I.

The stranger told of a bitter enmity that had sprung up between him and his father, and to avoid unpleasant meetings and situations, he had taken recourse to travel. But let the rest be told in his own words.

"It was on one of my journeys that I met her. I will not trouble you with details. Let it be enough to say that we met and were drawn together by mutual attraction of heart and soul. For some time I was the honored guest of her family, and often roamed through the gardens and arbors of her paternal estate. At the moment when the cup of life was full, I received a letter from my father stating

that he had suffered a paralytic stroke of the heart, and wished to see me. I merely shrugged my shoulders and handed her the note. There was where I made my mistake. Ah, had I not done so, I might even now be in peace and happiness. She knew nothing of the feud between father and son, but when I explained she burst into tears. I tried to soothe her, but my words meant nothing without a promise to return to my father, and so I went back to the cold halls of my home.

"My father had aged rapidly in my short period of absence. Always healthy, he was now nothing more than a skin-clad skeleton, incapable of the least exertion. I, mainly through love of my absent one, devoted all my time to the sick man. I felt a deep pity for my father's helplessness, but there was a stronger feeling within me, a yearning for a sight of my distant love.

"Her letters at first were frequent, but when the days of my absence grew into weeks and months, there was a gradual decrease of the number. But they still came with some regularity and were inspired with the same spirit. Nevertheless, a chilling thought took hold of me. What if this absence should chill the ardor of her love? It was a foolish thought, but strive as I would, it grew upon me day after day until it completely obsessed me. I glanced at my father and realized he was the only obstacle between me and my loved one.

"And then another thought came into my mind. Could he have plotted separation to ruin my life completely? A wild imagining, but it persisted until one night I took action. I know not what demon, calling from the deepest depths of darkest iniquity, could have tempted me to such a fool-hardy, self-destructive act. I fully realized that should she hear of it all, relations between us would be severed. I realized, too, that even though she should

never hear, I would be living in a false paradise, a prey to conscience, a hypocrite. Yet, I acted. As I sat by the bedside one night the fiendish notion rushed into a brain already crazed with grief and anguish, and, weak from lack of rest, took immediate control of my reason and actions, and a second later I had plunged a knife, this very knife you see here, deep into my father's heart with a giddy exultation over my freedom."

As the man was nearing the end of his tale, his eyes flashed excitedly, his fingers closed tightly over the gleaming blade in his hand. I squeezed myself into a knot, attempting to absorb myself into the wall. As he blurted out the last sentence, with the same suddenness of action as when he had leaped at me, he released his grip of the dagger and let it fly. At least, so it seemed. I emitted a hoarse

cry, the room swam about me, and a wave of blackness swept over me.

When I came once more to my senses, I found my head cradled in the arms of none other than the cause of my terror. He was laughing with all the energy of his being.

"Ha, ha, ha," he gurgled, "do you not know me, m'sieu? I am La Forge, the actor, whom you scorned with your criticisms! Lacking in force, in energy, in imagination, in all the good qualities of an actor, eh? What does m'sieu say now? I longed for retribution and I have found it."

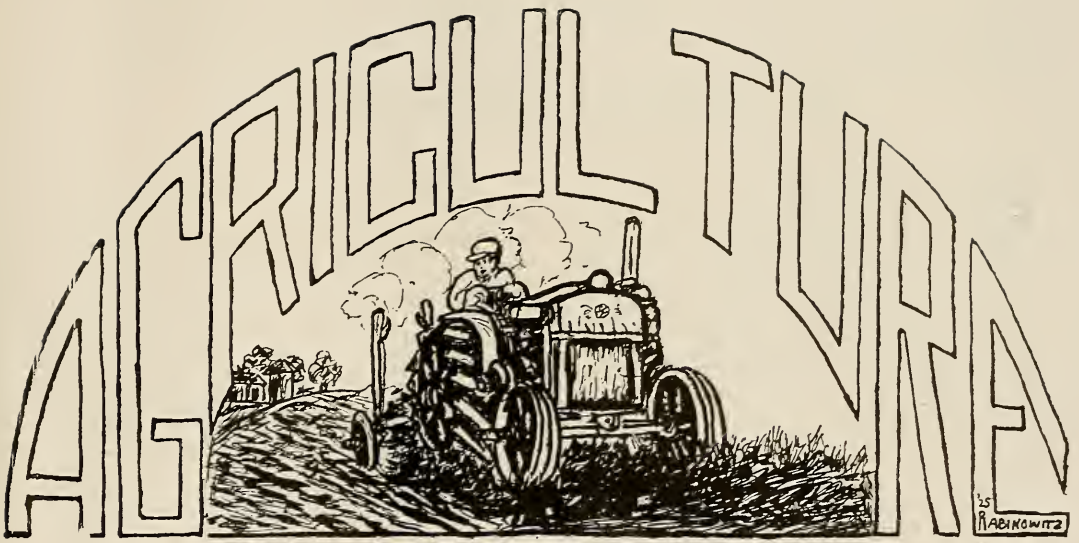
I am no longer a critic, nor do I incline toward the solitude and beauty of mountain travel. But if sometime you are in need of a convincing tragedian for your play, there is one whom I can heartily recommend.

Of the Moon

VICTOR

*The lovely moon that has the world to roam
in,
The world of sky without a trail or track—
The lovely moon still finds herself at home in
The mountain pool beside our cedar shack.*

*The lovely moon that has the world to praise
her,
To clutch at her prized beauty, pale and
white;
That has the world's spread splendors to
amaze her—
The lovely moon comes home to us each
night.*



EDWIN L. MAYER, '28

"I can't understand why F. S. hangs on to class distinction long after it has been abandoned by all the colleges." This remark has been heard time and time again.

The one and only reason that class distinction has survived in F. S. is because it is an absolute necessity. In other schools it was not extremely important, and only the more bullying men used it. In their hands it cowed the freshmen, but just why they were supposed to be cowed, they never quite understood until they became upper classmen. Here, however, the success of the seniors' project and the success of the entire school depends upon the amount of cooperation between classes and the Faculty. In N. F. S. everybody participates—the Faculty, the Upperclassmen and the Freshmen. Here it is a vital and constant problem. A sudden change from underdog to slave driver sometimes causes an otherwise normal junior to use class distinction as a whip for his personal use. A freshman so treated can only grin and remember that the first hundred years are the hardest. But in all fairness

to the upperclassmen, haven't they the right to expect implicit obedience from the freshmen? They have been through the mill and know just what must be done. The success or failure often depends upon the amount of cooperation they get from the underclassmen. Be fair to them and they'll treat you right.

Probably the best bit of advice that one can give the newcomer is to start right in and try to get the real N. F. S. spirit. You have to let it soak into your system gradually and before you know it you will be another "Farm School" man. A man may knock the school right and left, yet let anyone else say a word about it and that individual has the choice of a fistic encounter or an immediate apology. If at times the work is hard and you think you're not getting a square deal, don't "throw up the sponge" and quit like a beaten dog with his tail between his legs, but grit your teeth and fight. At least, you will derive the psychic income of knowing that you stuck it out where so many others have failed.

EDWIN L. MAYER, '28.

The McNary Haugen Bill

AFFIRMATIVE

THE McNary-Haugen Bill, which was just recently vetoed by President Coolidge, has been termed—"vicious sectional favoritism, harmful, unconstitutional, unworkable and a selfish political issue." To an outside observer this Bill must, indeed, be wrong; but if one looks at the economic crisis in the Middle West, surely there must be some good in it.

The farmer in the Middle West through prevailing and unavoidable circumstances is forced to use the one crop system. This Bill is said to favor the Middle West and, therefore, is wrong. If sectional favoritism is wrong or unconstitutional, why must 97 per cent of the American people pay higher prices for American-made products just to supply a living wage to the other 3 per cent?

The McNary-Haugen Bill is right, it is just, but sad to relate, unworkable. Tariff protection for the farmer is an impossibility because the price on farm products is not regulated by any customs house, but instead is controlled by the world markets.

It seems the only possibility for the Middle Western farmers to continue growing one crop and enjoying the same agricultural benefits is not to pass bills fixing the price of their products, but instead, to strive to free themselves of the tariffs enjoyed by the manufacturers.

Abolish the tariffs—establish free trade, invite real competition from foreign countries and the farmer will take care of himself.

Why should 3 per cent of the United States people enjoy tariff bounties and 49 per cent who constitute the farmers of the United States, pay for the manufacturers' laxity and incapable management?

EDWIN L. MAYER, '28.

NEGATIVE

The McNary-Haugen Bill is built upon a system of price fixing. As such it is contradictory to its purpose. Therefore, it defeats its aim in assisting the farmer. In the long run prices will be governed by the law of supply and demand. "To expect to increase prices and then maintain them on a higher level by means of a plan which must of necessity increase production while decreasing consumption is to contradict the law of supply and demand." The Bill, therefore, will tend to increase prices paid by the consumer, encouraging overproduction by the farmer, with a consequent decrease in consumption by the public. Statistics have proven that higher prices in a given year means a larger acreage the next year. Under a stimulus of higher prices the cotton average in the South increased 17,000,000 acres in five years.

The one and only remedy to aid the distressed farmer is not the McNary-Haugen Bill but a series of wise and simple rules. "There exists an artificial situation and it will take an artificial method to control it." Price control can be limited only so far as acreage is controlled. "The hope of the American Farmer lies in himself and co-operative marketing, rather than by attempts to secure Federal aid by means of price fixing, loans, or purchase of surplus crops." The one crop system is an outstanding evil of the "American Farmer's" plight. The solution lies in diversification and the raising of more of his own necessities or in the lowering of the tariff to bring manufactured products on a level with the farm purchasing power.

In conclusion, the McNary-Haugen Bill is unwarranted and unnecessary, as it will be conducive of more evil than good.

(Concluded on page 21)

A. A. Room Open

EDWIN L. MAYER, '28

Time—Study Period

Place—A. A. Store

Characters—The Senior Class

The curtain rises in a fog of dense smoke.

During a lull in the conversation—

GRAFFMAN: Don't tease your appetites. Step right up and try the latest. Buy one free; 10 cents for two.

STUD: Shut up or I'll push your face in.

ANDY GUMP (*taking a last drag and handing the butt to Berick*): Come on you incubator men. I'll show you something (*those stoves*).

STONEY: Keep those eggs away from the kitchen. By the way Joe, how are your eggs turning out?

J. LYNCH: Fine—we have candled for the first time and confidently expect a 60 per cent hatch.

EAGLE DE BEAK: Hey Joe, tell them where you get your eggs (*in a loud blustering voice*) those chickens can't resist my "sax" appeal and they're laying 1,000 eggs a day.—Flaming Hot. "HALITOSIS" of No. 1: Say, down at my place where men are men and black eyes are common, I want you all to know that I'm boss and nobody tells me what to do.

BALDY, C.: Hey there, Bad Breath, if you don't shut up, I'll split your lip. My name isn't Dubrow.

MALTZ: That's all right, we're getting 120 qts. a day from 7 cows, and that's more than the Dairy can say for 20 of them.

HORTICULTURE (*in unison*): As if anybody cared.

GREEN HOUSE SQUAD: Suppose nobody cared.

ALL JOIN IN: I hope you don't feel hurt.

SCENE 2

Same as Scene 1

Enter Grease Ball Willy.

GREASY: Got a butt?

FROGGY: No, but here's an apple. We are all done sorting and grading down at the Hort. and I can afford to give these away, just like Mr. Purmell.

BILL WEISS: Aw, Profit Purmell gave us another "five minute job" at nine this morning, and we just finished in time for dinner.

SANTA CLAUS: Yah, but who done the work, huh?

FOTO BILL FOX: It won't be long now till we're finished pruning and then we'll let matters drop.

BRUNO (*singing*):

Horses, Horses, Horses,

Meyers, Bingham Meyers,

"I never killed that horse," he cried.

Liar, Bingham Meyers.

(*Everybody laughs, waking up Rosenman*)

ROSY: That's all right, we're hauling away the Dairy's manure pile, and getting ready for Spring plowing. Hey, Yulke, got any flowers?

YULKE: What for, the horse's funeral?

STONY: That horse will never have a funeral! we had him for dinner last week.

PEE WEE HARRIS: Weak? You're crazy, we got the strongest carnations we ever had.

STONEY: Hey, and you guys want to stay out of that greenhouse; somebody "borrowed" about 1,000 tulips, and forgot to leave their card. Not that I mind the tulips, but it's the "Principal" of the thing.

MUDDY: Talking about "Principal," the principal thing we're doing at No. 5 is

hauling away the "Farmer's Gold," and fattening the horses for Spring plowing.

CARL P.: In the future, I want it distinctly understood that all you heterogeneous homo-sapiens will kindly refrain from destroying the chlorophyll of our beautiful lawn—and please use the walks.

YANK: What did you say? Hey Al, translate what he said, will you please?

AL: He means you fellows please stay off the grass.

YANK: Phew, at No. 4 we shoot guys for less than that.

DICKIE: Come on Yank, let's shoot down No. 4 and do night inspection. Since we got those heifers from No. 7 we have to do more work and less talking.

BESSIE: Hey, Reds, how come you're sending so much milk up to the kitchen? We almost have enough for breakfast. What's the matter, are all the cows dead?

REDS: Don't get a hemorrhage. We have a good number of cows that will freshen soon, and then we'll send up more milk. By the way, a cow aborted this morning, the second case in the last few months. Our silage is holding out pretty well but our hay is rather low; however, I think we will last out the summer.

FATS: How about the stump, Reds, and I'm sending a man up to your place for some corn and cob meal tomorrow.

HANDSOME JOE D.: No, not tomorrow, but the day after.

FATSO: What do you mean? them's going up tomorrow. Who's boss, I'd like to know?

HANDSOME J.: Well, you're not.

FATSO: Well, neither are you.

(Enter Mr. Samuels, amid general laughter)

S. B. S.: All right, break it up, the bell rang a half hour ago.

GRAFFMAN: Everybody out.

Are We Such

HATRED for the city is simply the result of monotony caused by dull surroundings, occupations that are engaged in, not because of the joy they offer, but for the material gain, amusements that have become trite—plainly, dissatisfaction with things in general.

The mind is on the go, trying to figure over an avenue of escape from this serious predicament. It halts before the signpost that reads, "change in environment." In this manner can the case of the average city youth be analyzed.

He turns to the rural life for his salvation, not that he likes the soil, but that he hates the city, and thinks that he can learn to love farming. The solution to the problem lies in a new life where, day in and day out, monotony is lost in a sea of pleasant tasks and surroundings.

The pursuit of agriculture, with its many branches, offers every conceivable opportunity to the finding of that new life. A love for the soil will take hold gradually but surely, by finding satisfaction, variation and joy in the work and environment. Unthought of phenomena will be exposed under a clear light of simple explanations, both appealing and educating. Material gain will dissolve under the strong rays of a tender attachment for nature.

When the city boy can learn to understand the ways of nature, the beauty of the fields and countryside, when he feels himself in close proximity to the soil and its myriads of life—then he will have developed within him, a love for agriculture and everything related to it.

STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29.

DEGENERATED DRAMA

Help! Hirsch wants to know which laundry washes the apron of the manure spreader.



MAX LEVINE, '28

HARK YE!

"The following members of the football squad will be excused from evening details," etc.

How many times have you upper-classmen who were non participants in sports here at school, felt a tremor of envy run down your spine when you listened to announcements of the above nature in the dining room? Yet, had you the gumption and initiative to come out and show your face as one of the candidates, your name, too, may have been one of those on the list of team members that were read off.

Too many students complete three years of Farm School life without ever attempting to compete even in inter-class games, let alone trying for the varsity. and in a school with such a limited number of students this is a sad state of affairs which should not continue.

But those primarily interested in Farm School's earning a reputation in sports will not force students to try for athletic honors nor will they beg for candidates; if you have any ability whatsoever it is up to you to come out and show it, take it off your chest, and who knows but that some day you may be an asset to one of our teams? So you freshmen who are

just starting your life here at school, convince yourself that you do not wish to take the part of the "spectator," but be one of those engaged; and at the same time you start your scholastic career, begin your athletic career and appear on the baseball diamond when the call for candidates is made.

For those not being fortunate enough to be varsity calibre there are other fields of activity in sports, if one only keeps one's eyes open and takes stock of things going on every day.

M. L., '28.

OUR GYM

Efforts are being made to make our gymnasium resemble the average gyms in the cities, and as a result medicine balls, boxing gloves, parallel bars, hand-ball courts, a boxing dummy, a punching bag and a number of mats have been supplied and are at the disposal of all.

Many students who have never played hand-ball before have mastered the game already and are in the gym constantly, exhibiting their skill.

Making good use of the new equipment and with plenty of practice, Farm School students may in due time boast of an acrobatic team.

BASKETBALL

N. J. I. D. UPSETS LOCALS

The mutes who were one of our victims on the gridiron the past season, showed a whirlwind attack in breaking through our defense, and running up a score of forty-four points to our twenty-three.

Poor passing and too many wasted shots at the basket were the Aggies main faults, and the deaf boys took advantage of them, playing a fast game of ball and showing a neat passing attack.

Carell was the chief point scorer for the winners with eighteen to his credit, while Hoguet led for Coach Samuels' boys with eight points to his record.

Line-up:

N. J. I. D.		N. F. S.	
Schmitt.....	forward...	Stonitsch, Weshner	
Carell.....	forward....	Bachman, Semel	
Hoberman.....	center.....	Lynch	
Capasso, Lzyske.....	guard.....	Hoguet	
Pizzalo, Asmala.....	guard.....	Elliott	
Referee—Newschaefer.			
N. F. S., 23; N. J. I., 44.			

A HEART BREAKER

When the whistle had blown marking the end of the game the score stood tied, an even 21-21. During the five-minute overtime period the New Jersey Institute for the Deaf cut loose and outscored the Farm School tossers, ending with the score 29-23 in favor of the mutes.

The game was marked with fast playing by both teams and just when prospects for a victory looked rather rosy for our boys, who were in the lead, the Jerseyites woke up and seemed to find the basket from all angles of the floor, turning an almost sure defeat into victory.

Many shots were wasted throughout the game, but our cagers all showed up well and fought hard, Lynch being high scorer with a total of fifteen points.

Line-up:

N. J. I. D.

Carrel.....	forward....	Stonitsch, Elliott
Osmolla.....	forward.....	Weshner
Hoberman.....	center.....	Lynch
Schmitt.....	guard.....	Hoguet
Capassa.....	guard.....	Cowen
Referee—Weaver (Lansdale).		
Score—N. F. S., 29; N. J. I. D., 39.		

N. F. S.

FARM SCHOOL OUTCLASSES P. I. D.

Having felt the sting of defeat at the hands of P. I. D. during the past football season, our boys started the game with the purpose of trimming the mutes, which they did and helped to even up accounts somewhat.

Weshner, a yearling forward, and Semel showed up well for the Aggies, breaking up P. I. D.'s passes and passing the ball neatly themselves.

The game was ours from the start and once Hoguet started the ball rolling the game was just a question of time.

The line-up:

P. I. D.		N. F. S.	
Seward, Urofsky.....	forward..	Weshner, Bachman	
Kelly, Rosenfe.....	forward.....	Semel	
Coalin, Crisnel.....	center.....	Lynch	
Gechard.....	guard.....	Hoguet	
Yiengst.....	guard.....	Cowen	
Score—N. F. S., 35; P. I. D., 25.			
Referee—Weaver.			

N. F. S. DROPS ONE TO BURLINGTON

Travelling to Burlington we were given a setback in a close and fast game, returning to school with a score of thirty-nine to thirty, against us.

Playing on an extremely small floor the Aggies found it hard to use their defense to its best advantage, as the high school tossers succeeded in making the majority of their field goals from the center of the floor.

The game was plentiful in fouls and two of our regulars were removed from the fray in the first half, having committed the limited number of fouls.

"Morphy" Weshner was the bright light for the Aggies, fighting hard and passing accurately, also scoring thirteen points.

Line-up:

BURLINGTON

N. F. S.

Sascavitz.....forward.....Stonitsch, Semel
Hutton-Morris.....forward.....Weshner
Yandergrift.....center.....Hoguet
Cook-Clair.....guard.....Elliott
Arenz.....guard.....Cowen, Bachman
Nat'l Farm School, 30; Burlington, 37.

FARM SCHOOL TRIUMPHANT

After having lost to Burlington High School the previous evening, Coach Samuel's boys came back in fine style, wiping the floor with the New Castle High Court five.

Hoguet, playing center for the locals, started off the fireworks with a neat field goal from a difficult angle of the floor. Semel, Hoguet, Elliot, and Bachman continued the slaughter, seeming to find the basket at will.

Snappy passing by Bachman and Cowen, coupled with the scoring ability of the entire team, enabled the "Farmers" to roll up a total of fifty-eight points to New Castle's seventeen.

Line-up:

NEW CASTLE

N. F. S.

Hobbs.....forward.....Stonitsch
Bridgewater.....forward.....Bachman, Semel
Waldman.....center.....Hoguet
King.....guard.....Elliott
Gebhart-Carrow.....guard.....Cowen

Referee—Weaver.

Score—N. F. S., 58; New Castle, 17.

GRIDIRON RIVALS HAND AGGIES REVERSE

Having lost a game to the local cagers earlier in the season, P. I. D. started the second tilt fighting mad, and managed to nose out the Aggies in the last few minutes of play, coming out on the long end of twenty-one to eighteen score.

The game was tightly contested, both teams showing up well on the defense. Lynch totalled up eight points for the Aggies, being chief scorer, while Kelly, of P. I. D., was chief scorer of his team with a total of nine points.

Line-up:

P. I. D.

N. F. S.

Kelly.....forward.....Stonitsch
Urofsky.....forward.....Semel
Grinnel.....center.....Lynch
Yiengst.....guard.....Hoguet
Seward.....guard.....Cowen

Farm School, 18; P. I. D., 21.

PEIRCE SCHOOL, 37; N. F. S., 27

In one of the classiest and hottest games of basketball witnessed on the Farm School court, Farm School's athletes were beaten after having displayed a brand of fight which the school can be proud of.

Every one on the team showed up well, with Bachman scoring twelve points, the best for the local cagers, while Widenmiger was the ace of the business school with seventeen points.

Line-up:

PEIRCE SCHOOL

FARM SCHOOL

Chesney, Schimmel..forward.....Semel
Widenmiger, Baker..forward Lazarowitz, Bachman
Tivenmey.....center.....Lynch
Shipps, Grossman....guard.....Hoguet
Kolb.....guard.....Cowen

Referee—Weaver.

Score—N. F. S., 27; Peirce, 37.

JUNIORS DEFEATED BY
FRESHMEN

Having lost to the Juniors on the baseball diamond after a thrilling game, and having held their rivals to a scoreless tie on the gridiron, the yearlings were out for blood when the time came for the annual inter-class basketball tilt, and succeeded in handing the upper classmen an eighteen to thirteen defeat in a fast and clean game.

Glazer was high point scorer for the Freshies with a total of six field goals, while Friedland led the Juniors with five field goals, three of them being pretty shots from the center of the floor.

Keep up the good work and the class spirit, you who are now Juniors, and show the present Freshman class your mettle on the athletic field.

Line-up:

FRESHMEN '29	JUNIORS '28
Jung.....	forward.....Levine
Lazarowitz.....	forward.....Harris
Rosenak.....	forward.....Yankowitz
Glazer, Rosensa.....	center.....Herzberg
Liebernick.....	guard.....Greenbaum
Chait.....	guard.....Friedland
Strang.....	guard.....Rosenman
Referee—Samuels, Mass. Aggies.	
Score—Juniors, 13; Freshmen, 18.	

INTER-HALL BASKETBALL
LEAGUE FORMED

“Get off me tonsils, ya ruffneck,—Gwan back to the navy and learn how to referee,—Chase him off the floor—the robber!” . . .

—Such were some of the cries to be heard on a Saturday or Sunday morning on entering the gym.

Something new along the sport line was tried in the form of an Inter-Dormitory basket-ball league, which met with marked success.

This “week-end” league was started for those who did not make the varsity,

and plenty of chances were had by all who wished them, to play in the games.

The teams came to the gym in full force to vie for first place honors, showing much hall spirit in trying to outnumber each other in rooters.

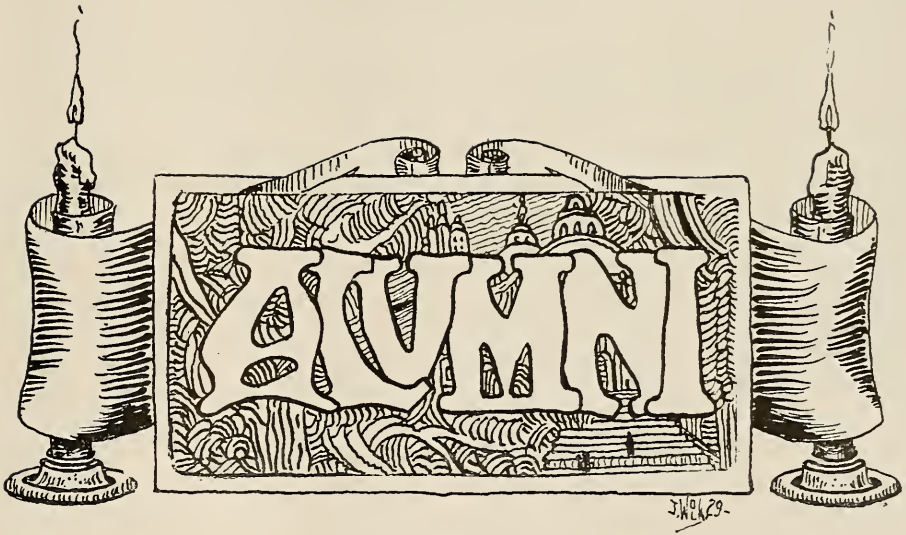
The success of the league was in a good part due to our receiving Saturday morning off and the co-operation of Mr. Samuels. With the coming years the inter-hall games will eventually become an established event in the athletic life of the school.

Since the first experiment met with success, there is no reason why the coming twilight baseball league shouldn't hold as much interest for those not participating in varsity baseball, as the basketball league did. So you hall members bring your teams out in large numbers when the call comes.

MUDDY, '28.

Manager Graffman has arranged the following baseball schedule for this season.

<i>Saturday, April 9</i>	
Williamson School.....	At Home
<i>Saturday, April 16</i>	
Lansdale H. S.....	At Home
<i>Saturday, April 23</i>	
N. J. School for Deaf.....	At Home
<i>Saturday, April 30</i>	
Taylor School.....	At Home
<i>Saturday, May 7</i>	
Brown Prep.....	At Home
<i>Saturday, May 14</i>	
Germantown H. S.....	At Home
<i>Saturday, May 21</i>	
Peirce School.....	At Home
<i>Saturday, May 28</i>	
Central Evening H. S.....	At Home
<i>Monday, May 30</i>	
P. I. D.....	At Mt. Airy
<i>Saturday, June 4</i>	
P. I. D.....	At Home



BEN GRAFFMAN, '28.

The Alumni Association was started in 1901 by the first graduating class of Farm School. It has served its purpose admirably in aiding the members of the various classes from straying hopelessly apart. To do this, the Alumni are always socially active in many cities and states. This activity, coupled with the meeting on July Alumni Day held at the school each year, is perhaps responsible for the excellent spirit of the Alumni members toward the activities of both the school and the association to which they belong.

In this, as well as the coming issues, it is the purpose of this department to bring to mind past accomplishments, present events, and future occurrences. We endeavor to inform our readers of the location, occupation and activity of each alumnus.

This department also serves to acquaint the undergraduate with the Alumni, and aims to stimulate the interest of the inactive members.

We gladly solicit any information which may be of Alumni interest.

B. G., '28.

FARM SCHOOL ALUMNI DANCE IN PHILADELPHIA

On Friday Evening, March 18, the Phila. Chapter of the Associated Alumni of Farm School attended a dance at the New Century Drawing Rooms.

The affair, as sponsored by the capable President of the Chapter, Sam Rudley, '08, proved to be a brilliant affair. Beside the local Alumni, many Old Timers from long distances were present. Good old N. F. S. spirit reigned supreme the entire evening. The music furnished by the Farm School Green and Gold Orchestra was all that could be desired in the line of syncopation. The Raffle was quite novel and entertaining.

Mr. Instein spoke briefly upon the purpose of the dance, in which he announced the Chapter's intention of making the Dance an annual affair.

He also presented the new plans of the Athletic Field to be located on the Campus. There are to be two baseball diamonds, one football field, a cinder track, and a number of tennis courts.

The evening ended with a unanimous decision to attend the Alumni Reunion on July 3rd and 4th, 100 per cent.

CHAPTER NOTES ON CURRENT ACTIVITIES

Philadelphia Chapter

A Special meeting was held on March 6th, 1927, at Sam Rudley's home. Rudley was the presiding officer of this meeting at which thirty Alumni were present including Dr. Ross and Hansherow, who represented the New York Chapter. The main purpose of this meeting was to raise funds for the proposed Alumni Field, which requires two thousand dollars. After the meeting was called, Dr. Ross and Hansherow gave a report of the wonderful work the New York Chapter is doing. After a discussion of the manner of raising funds, it was decided not to accept any pledges, but only cash. In the brief period of twenty minutes close to four hundred dollars was contributed by the men present. The prospects looked very good, and every one was full of spirit and enthusiasm. As the drive goes along the field is no longer a vision or a dream. The plans are in the making, and construction is to begin shortly. There was a fine display of good old N. F. S. spirit.

New York Chapter

A letter from Platt of '23.

Feb. 27, 1927

3923 Laurel Ave.

Sea Gate, N. Y.

Editor of Alumni Section THE GLEANER
DEAR SIR:

This letter is from the N. Y. Chapter of the Farm School Alumni Association.

On Sunday, Feb. 6, a meeting was called, which was attended by twelve alumni, and the embryo of the organization was then formed. An organization meeting was held to-day, at which officers

were permanently elected, committees formed, and the organization put on a substantial basis.

The following officers were elected:

Dr. H. Ross, '15—*President*

Dr. H. Semel, '15—*Vice-President*

Mr. L. Kravet, '13—*2nd Vice-President*

Mr. D. Platt, '23—*Secretary-Treasurer*.

A committee on Ways and Means was formed consisting of M. Semel, '15, chairman, Mr. J. Stern, '08, Mr. H. Wolff, '13, and Mr. D. Platt, '23, which body will form the laws and bylaws of the organization.

The message which we wish to bring to the students regarding the Alumni Athletic Field is that it is no longer a dream, but a reality. The whole-hearted support given individually at our meetings, both from a spiritual and pecuniary standpoint, assure us that the student body may never fear for support from the alumni.

The meeting was enriched by the presence of J. Sarnier and S. Rudley, whom you know as active members of the Philadelphia Chapter. A recent graduate, Mr. S. Price of the 1927 Class, gave a talk on the Farm School of the present to the edification of the old grads, many of whom had been absent from the school for a long period.

Social discussions were in order and many plans were given. One of the plans which seemed to meet with much approval was frequent bus trips to Farm School, for the purpose of bringing together the student body and the Alumni.

The meeting closed with much hilarity, due to the recounting of famous anecdotes in the history of Farm School.

Faternally yours,

D. PLATT, '23, *Sec'y*.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Schiff, Wilan, and our own "Spuds" Rosenthal of the '27 class have started a new Farm School, so to speak, on the premises of the Butterworth farm, Brandywine, Md.

"Zex" of the '27 class after spending a month in California is now on his way East. He writes he has just refused a \$10,000 Movie contract. "Art for art's sake," says "Zex".

"Doc" Wechsler writes from Whitehall, Md., that he is getting along fine with the Community incubator so successfully run by Kisber and Cohein in previous years. Good luck, Ira. May your hatches be 100 per cent

All the way from Sanatorium, Colorado, Sam Katz writes of his new venture. Aside from beautiful country and congenial associates, Sam tells us he is managing a fine herd of seventy head of cattle. We expect great things of you, Sam.

Hello, "Chin," how are the shrubs and trees? If we decipher your letter rightly, you are revolutionizing the nursery business of the Bronxville Nursery Company, Bronxville, N. Y. Making speeches at the Alumni meeting eh, Sam? You're the same old Sam Price, handwriting and all.

"Buddy" Bachman spent a few hours with us on Thursday, March 17th, en route to join "Cop" Gottlieb in Mass. Smiles and all. Buddy is bound to make good.

We wish to extend our sympathy to "Cop" Gottlieb of the '25 class on the occurrence of his most unfortunate accident.

If we remember you right "Cop", a thing like this will not stand in your way. You have our admiration.

DR. OSTROLENK RESIGNS

Dr. Bernard Ostrolenk of the 1906 class, after serving faithfully as Dean of the National Farm School for the past 10 years, resigned on March first in favor of the chair of Agricultural Finance in the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania.

To attempt to summarize Dr. Ostrolenk's noteworthy achievements as Dean of our school, is, indeed, unnecessary, for one may look to the school itself as the embodiment of his accomplishments.

Although he is no longer with us daily on the Campus, we shall have the pleasure of his company as a neighbor, now that he and Mrs. Ostrolenk have taken up their residence in Doylestown.

The student body and the Alumni join in their best wishes to Dr. Ostrolenk for the future, feeling sure that he will duplicate the fine work he has done at his Alma Mater.

McNARY-HAUGEN BILL

(Continued from page 12)

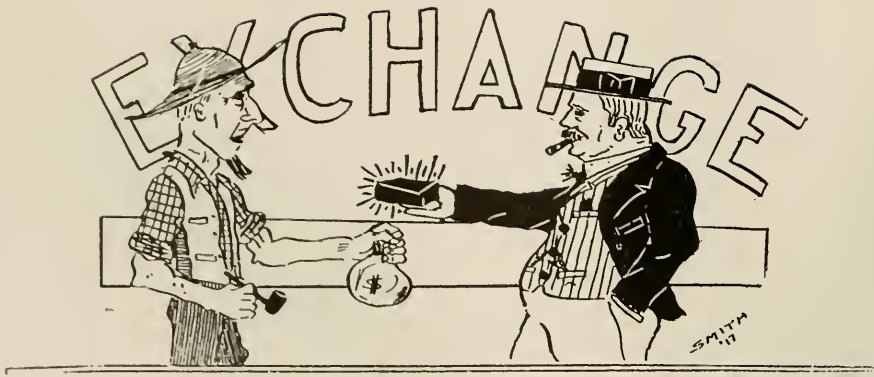
It is unconstitutional, contradictory to its aims, sectionally discriminating and unworkable. It will in the long run impose more burdens upon the farmer than he has at present.

Why pass a Bill that would cost the Government millions, that is unreasonable, and detrimental? The existing conditions that are the cause of the farmers' predicament, can be remedied only as stated in a previous paragraph. Therefore, why consider such a Bill?

STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29.

ALUMNI

Don't forget July 3-4
Be at N. F. S. 100%



S. HARVEY MALTZ, '28

ANOTHER year of the "School World" has drawn to its close. It seems fitting, at such a time, to glance over the year's exchanges with a thought to the immense labor and vast material required to construct the great number of magazines and lesser publications in this scholastic sphere of ours.

Suiting the action to the words, I now have before me every issue published of late, by our colleagues. My intentions of commenting on these seem difficult when I realize that many are months old. Yet, I am anxious to bring in a sort of "Mythical Contest," which is in no way authoritative, but on the contrary merely a means of creating interest and supplying constructive criticism in an effort to publish bigger and better magazines for the coming year. Hoping to make this award a bi-annual feature, we now publish our first attempt, the second to appear at the close of the current semester. In every magazine of the *School World*, there are usually four major departments, necessary to the structure of scholastic journalism, namely: editorial; literary; stories and poems; humor (jokes, anecdotes, etc.).

Having classified the articles, and with all our exchanges before me, I will now attempt a resumé of the year's work,

with the "Mythical Blue Ribbon" to be awarded first place and the "Mythical Green and White Ribbons" second and third place respectively. Then, of course, we have our "Mythical Honorable Mention" for praiseworthy articles.

Part 1

STORIES

First Place—For the most entertaining and best constructed story of the year, the "Mythical Blue Ribbon" is awarded to the story entitled "German Genius," by Fritz Wiseman, of the Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Wiseman's excellent story appeared in the November, 1926, issue of the *Oriole*. The plot is quite original and the whole story is alive with humor. It has the most laughable ending. Originality and unusually clever write-ups captured first place for the *Oriole*.

Second Place—To the *High School Record*, Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey, the "Green Ribbon" is awarded for "Mary's Commencement," by Sarah Rosen. Miss Rosen's construction is quite commendable.

Third Place—Isadore Nessasari of the South Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, won for the February 1927 issue

of the *Southron*, a place in the "Mythical contest"; the story being, "The Diary of a Dumb Freshman."

Honorable Mention—The Boston English High School has not sent us many of their issues, but of the few we have received, mention must be made. "The Dreamer," appearing in the December issue of the *English High School Record*, was indeed a good story. There were many other fine compositions competing for this place; however, its vivacious style thrust it before our eyes immediately. The title is appropriate, yet in no way does it suggest the story's content, ranging from gun-play, and murder, to what not

Part 2

"Now 'tis the poet's turn"

First Place—One of our most recent exchanges, the Rochester Technical High School, Rochester, New York, publishes each month a little paper called *The Right Angle*. The title is very unique but quite appropriate as the school is also known as the "Shop School." We wish them all the success in the world, and are pleased to laud the fine poem entitled "The Spirit of Lincoln." The "Mythical Blue Ribbon" belongs to them without a doubt. Everybody should read this inspiring bit of verse. The author's name is signed "H. C. F.", and whosoever he is, a great deal of praise is deserving him.

Second Place—Our "Green Ribbon" goes to the English High School, Boston, Mass. This is their second award, and well they deserve it. The winning poem by Charles H. Stone, entitled "Chemistry," appeared in the December issue of *The Record*.

Third Place—The Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa., receives our "White Ribbon" for their poem "Home",

written by Grace Walker. This school, so near to us, has indeed made a notable effort to improve with age, as all will agree who read the *Torch*.

Honorable Mention—The Allentown High School, Allentown, Penna., published another praiseworthy poem with the clever title of "Patchwork". We wish them luck and hope to receive more exchanges in the future from their magazine, *The Canary and Blue*.

Part 3

EDITORIALS

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

First Place—Our old and trusted friend, *The Perkiomenite*, Perkiomen School, Pennsburg, Penna., now comes into its own, this time for their fine editorial appearing in their January, 1927, issue of *The Perkiomenite*. The "Mythical Blue Ribbon" unquestionably goes to them.

Second Place—The *Opinion*, Peoria High School, Peoria, Ill., printed in January a forceful article entitled, "The Judicial System." It was well written and leaves an outsider with the impression that "those Peorians certainly have some system." It unanimously won the "Green Ribbon."

Third Place—"Follow the Gleam—Upward" is another prize-winning article. This time *The Dickinsonian*, William L. Dickinson School, Jersey City, New Jersey, comes across with a fine piece of writing, well deserving the "Mythical White Ribbon."

Honorable Mention—Another old friend, *The Mount Airy World*, Philadelphia Institute for the Deaf, Phila., Penna., receives mention for its fine article, "What Education has done for the Deaf," appearing in the February issue.

(Continued on page 30)



ALBERT ABELSON, '28

HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

THIS DEPARTMENT

We here are one large family, and the campus is our home. On or about it, we hear what is going on and what happens in the different dormitories. But it is impossible in many ways to relate these occurrences as they are known to only a few and unless they are contributed to the Campus News department, they soon die out and the happy moments of their being are soon forgotten.

Thus it is, the Campus News department finds its main purpose, the keeping alive of events that have helped to make campus life the pleasant living that it is.

This department can only continue to prosper at the mercy of alert and ambitious contributors. Each student therefore should make it his business to be a Campus News Reporter.

ALBERT ABELSON, '28.

CLASS AND CLUBS

To you incoming Freshmen is left a heritage of privilege and duty—the privilege of handing down to the succeeding classes those activities and customs which have been so carefully adhered to in the past. The Class of 1927 has left a gap in all our various organizations and it is your duty to fill that gap and perpetuate the various clubs which have flourished so prosperously thus far.

Clubs in Farm School play a large part in the student's social life and education. They supplement the class-room and field work by bringing him into intimate contact with nature with which he works, and with the great and varied industries, which depend upon agriculture for their existence. As a means of bringing about friendly relations among students of all three classes, and between

the students and the Faculty, there is nothing so beneficial as these organizations.

Admittance to any club is open to all who prove themselves to be men of good character, and who show an interest in the branch of agriculture which that particular organization aims to promote.

Freshmen! Join our clubs!

HARRY WEISSMAN, '29.

THE SENATE

During the last few years the Senate has grown steadily until now it is the most powerful student governing body in the history of the school, and has secured for itself the respect and implicit confidence of all. Its rules were just and reasonable and it has obtained for the students many privileges and liberties.

At a recent meeting, it was decided that the Jury, a body established to alleviate the work of the Senate by assuming the responsibility of trying various kinds of cases, be abandoned. It had been found that the Jury was unnecessary and that the Senate was competent to see to the execution of its laws and Faculty rules. It was also decided that each Freshman brought before the Senate be allowed the right to choose a spokesman for himself from among any of the two upper classes. Under this method of procedure each Freshman is given a fairer hearing, and the jurors are more in a position to give a just verdict.

The Senate awaits a year unequalled so far in accomplishments for the Student Body, but it must have the sincere and energetic co-operation of the students in order to realize this success. The Senate is the instrument of the students in that it acts for them, and we hope that all, including you new Freshmen, will abide by its laws throughout your stay at Farm School.

B. GORADETSKY, '28,
Secretary.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

"Hail and Farewell, dear companions, friends whom we know to be true." As we heard the graduating class sing these words for the last time, we first became Seniors. The very word awes us at first, as we consider the responsibilities it places upon our shoulders. A slight feeling of inward doubt as to whether or not we are capable of filling the shoes of the departing class makes us more thoughtful of the coming year.

Seniors,—grand and noble,—where is that feeling so often described by alumni who visit us? The only way it strikes us thus far is the thought of added responsibility, and a grim determination to buckle down to business.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected to lead us through our final year at N. F. S.:

President—Joseph Lynch

Vice-President—Carl P. Green

Secretary—Edwin L. Mayer

Treasurer—C. R. Tunick

At the same time, the following men were elected to occupy the seats in the senate: Goradetzsky, Cowen, Friedland, and Hurwitz. The Councilmen are: Green, Graffman, Bernhard, Goradetzsky, and Blumer. The above organizations are both headed by Lynch, the President of the Student Body.

The Class of 1928 welcomes the incoming Freshmen with open arms, and hopes they will co-operate with us in an effort to establish the year 1927 as a banner one, scholastically, socially and athletically.

E. L. MAYER, *Secretary.*

Maltz—"Where are you going Itzy?"

Cowboy—"To the doctor's."

Maltz—"What's the matter?"

Cowboy—"Oh, something is the matter with my head."

Maltz—"I could have told you that long ago."

CLASS OF 1929

At last we have entered upon that stage of the game, when we can smile at the "Freshmen." The class has elected a capable group of officers, and with the support of the fellows we certainly hope to produce admirable results.

The following officers have been installed for the first semester:

President—Rosenzweig

Vice-President—Catherwood

Treasurer—Goodstein

Secretary—Trichon

Senators and Student Council Representatives were also elected:

Student Council—Rosenzweig and Ruch

Senators—Houget, Rosenzweig and Weissman

At a special meeting held on Feb. 19, 1927, President Rosenzweig presented Harry Bachman, '27, Coach of our football and basketball teams, and Elmer Wiseman, Coach of our Baseball team, with tokens of our appreciation.

As regards sports, we won the Freshman Junior Basketball game by a score of 18-13.

Our treasury is gradually assuming shape enough to allow relaxation on the part of our treasurer. Pay up your dues and look ahead in preparation for the Junior Prom a few months hence.

If the fellows support the class activities this year with the same pep as last year, we can be sure of a very successful Junior Year.

H. B. TRICHON, *Secretary*.

Skaist—"Hey, Her-r-rman are you go-going to the fra-frat dance Sat-a-at-urday?"

Wholesale Trichon—"N-n-no I'll b-be out of t-town."

Mauri—"Yea, I k-n-now, I'm n-not invited e-either."

STUDENT COUNCIL

No doubt, most of the students have been wondering what the Council has up their sleeve in the line of social activities for the year of twenty-seven.

As it has been the custom in past years for every new Council to elaborate on the affairs of the preceding year, it is only natural that we should follow in line and do the same.

Some of the things which we have planned to make this a pleasant and enjoyable year for everyone are: Ten novel dances, which every student is requested to support by being present with his lady friend and a slick hair comb; a minstrel show by the Dramatic Club to help build the new A. A. field; that is not saying anything about the picnic given by the faculty after haying season, which is looked forward to by all students who have been privileged to go on one. Then, too, there are the Green and Gold Meet, annual Corn Show, Husking-bee, and Milking Contest, for which liberal prizes are awarded.

All indications point toward a very successful year for the Council. Start out right by "Dragging" to the Freshman Reception dance, and you will be sure to end the year a 100 per cent "Dragger."

JOS. LYNCH, *President*.

Yankowitz—"I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

No answer—

Yankowitz—"I say you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

Co ed—"I heard you the first time, I was just trying to think."

Steinberg has made a contract with Mr. Campbell to supply all grease for the kitchen.

Campus Chatter

The Student Body through the GLEANER wish to extend their best wishes for a speedy recovery to those convalescing from the recent epidemic of appendicitis. We hope you will be with us again in the Fall to help fill the silo and aid in corn husking.

* * * * *

Judging from the recent epidemic, appendicitis is not the only fashionable disease at Farm School. The marriage cases are slowly increasing and will doubtlessly soon outrun the appendicitis cases. Here, too, the Student Body wish to extend their best wishes for a speedy recovery.

* * * * *

ON THE SUNDAY FOLLOWING THE GRADUATION DANCE, A YOUNG LADY WAS OVERHEARD ASKING CHARLEY KRAUSE WHAT HIS JOB WAS AT THE SCHOOL. CHARLEY REPLIED "WHO ME, WHY I JUST TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE THINGS AROUND THE SCHOOL."

(SHAME ON YOU, CHARLES.)

* * * * *

John Asch, '26, who has recently returned from an extended stay in Paris, when asked by Abram's girl at the dance how he liked Apaches, answered, "They were very tasty but didn't agree with my digestion."

(John, how could you?)

* * * * *

Congratulations Mr. Mayer.

No, No, you need not explain just why you carried a tray of food to Room 18 (Ulman Hall) one Feb. morning. No, you need not explain, we already know what tray carrying means.

Again let us extend our congratulations. You will try and keep secrets, Ha, Ha.

* * * * *

THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE GLEANER, HERMAN TRICHON, LITERARY EDITOR, HAS OFFERED A PRIZE OF FIVE DOLLARS TO BE AWARDED FOR THE BEST LITERARY CONTRIBUTION IN THE FIRST THREE ISSUES OF THE GLEANER. THE JUDGES ARE MR. MCKOWN, MR. GREEN, AND MR. TRICHON.

* * * * *

GLEANER-ly speaking, the class of twenty-nine have been quite active in the publishing of this issue. The following men have contributed greatly, and from among their number the assistants will be named in the forthcoming issue: Stuhlman, Goodstein, Rosenzweig, Rogin, Catherwood, and E. Wolk.

* * * * *

In an effort to stimulate more interest in the GLEANER and to justly reward those contributing to our magazine, Carl P. Green, Editor-in-Chief, has offered a prize of ten dollars to the man, who in one year's time, proves most helpful in the publishing of the GLEANER. The prize is to be awarded yearly for the next five years. The entire GLEANER staff and advisors are to judge the winner. Only staff members are not eligible. (Assistants eligible.)

HORTICULTURE CLUB

With visions of pennants, picnics, pleasant trips, pins, stationery and banquets, every member of the society is walking around the Campus with a wise look on his face, saying nothing; but that knowing grin speaks volumes among the members. We feel we are the élite, and most members of the organization take little or no pains to hide it.

At a recent meeting, the following officers were elected to serve their term of six months:

Honorary President—Mr. Purmell

President—Frank Stonitsch, '28

Vice-President—Meyer Hurwitz, '28

Sec.-Treas.—Edwin L. Mayer, '28

The Horticulture Society is not only for horticulturally inclined students, but also for Landscapers and Greenhouse men. Too much interest cannot be shown along these lines, and the more the student learns about them in school, in all probability, the more interest he will take in them after he has graduated.

Mr. Purmell is working with us in the capacity of Faculty Advisor and Honorary Member, and he insists that to maintain an interest in Horticulture or any other branch of agriculture, the students must get together to discuss such matters, not only during their work, but also in their leisure hours. It is Mr. Purmell's idea to bring experienced men from successfully managed plants, to give their viewpoints on horticulture as an industry and on the obstacles and possibilities lying in the path of the young horticulturist.

We urge all Freshmen to watch this society and make it a point to attend its open meetings. We also invite the entire Student Body to accompany us on our educational trips.

EDWIN L. MAYER,

Sec.-Treas.

Houget, take notice, Mr. Schneider also recommends New Gelena.

THE VARSITY CLUB

Due to graduation, the Varsity Club has lost some very good athletes, but we are counting on the Freshman class to furnish new material to fill the gap in the ranks.

The Varsity Club urges all who possibly can, to indulge in sports and take full advantage of all apparatus in the gym. As Coach Samuels said, "Those basketballs, boxing gloves, and other gymnastic apparatus were not gotten in order to accumulate dust. Use them and use them wisely."

We have in mind the purchasing of pins and a club banner upon which will be placed our emblem. We also intend to place in Segal Hall, a picture of the members of the club. During the next year we shall try as much as possible to improve and encourage all sports at Farm School.

A. HOGUET, '29,
Secretary.

Why not make a new department, and call it "The Alumni Boarders"?

AT THE DANCE

Chait—"Meet the girl friend, Dan, Miss Sweet, Mr. Glazer."

Blimp Glazer (in his soprano voice): "Pleased to meet you, Miss Sweet. My name's Glazer, I have been Captain of the Football, Baseball, Basketball and Swimming teams; I have fallen arches and just received a scholarship from U. of P. but can't see how the old N. F. S. would get along without me, so have decided to stick. I come from Connecticut. What, never been there? wonderful place Connecticut. I dance a different style from the fellows around here; and once I dance with a girl she always wants my name on her program if she comes again. Yes, my name's Glazer."

(He finally stops for air).

THE VETERINARY SOCIETY

Veni, vidi, vici. These famous words of Caesar can be applied with rather far fetched reference, to the members of the Veterinary Society. They came, they saw, they learned.

Many of our members entered the club as raw material. They wanted to know more about Veterinary Science. Slowly but surely they advanced. We have been able to secure from Washington, D. C., several veterinary books. These will be distributed among the members, and we hope as many will profit from them as possible.

On Tuesday, February 15, 1927, the Veterinary Society held its last meeting under President Wilan, and a new staff of officers were elected. The results of the elections were:

President—Ruch, '29

Vice-President—Steinberg, '28

Treasurer—Becker, '29

Secretary—Trichon, '29

Many trips that were to be taken during the last few months had been postponed on account of the weather man. Now that Spring is here, traveling conditions are much better, and, as Dr. Massinger remarked, "We can roam the country."

The Veterinary Society has increased, both financially and in its membership. Our treasury is now prepared to meet the expenses of many interesting trips.

We invite all students to our educational meetings and hope that the Freshmen will avail themselves of the opportunity to join us.

H. B. TRICHON, '29,
Secretary.

Mr. Samuels—"Why were you absent from details this morning?"

Cap't Cowan—"It was too cold to get out of bed."

Mr. Samuels—"I'll make it warm for you."

THE COCKERELS

Cock-a-doodle-do! The Cockerels are looking forward to a very successful year. Due to the fact that the 1927 graduating class has not left so great a gap in our ranks, as might have been the case had our last year's membership been small, we hope to surpass the excellent work accomplished by the club the past year, and we invite the Student Body to join us.

The club was organized under the leadership of Mr. Plain, Instructor in Poultry, with the idea of creating and establishing a sincere interest in poultry by giving students a chance to familiarize themselves with the poultry industry.

Due to the efforts of the "Cockerels," the Student Body was given the opportunity of enjoying a talk by Prof. Phillips, of Purdue University, on the "Importance of Vitamines in Poultry." His lecture, aside from its educational value, was replete with humorous anecdotes and allusions.

Besides talks given by the foremost poultrymen of the country, the club plans to make several trips to places of general interest. Another feature of the organization will be the presentation of motion-pictures on poultry topics, which will be obtained through the Department of Agriculture. To finish the year's program, the club proposes to give a royal (chicken) banquet for its members.

The executive board for the coming year consists of: *President*—Blumer, '28; *Vice-President*—Goradetsky, '28; *Sec.*—Greenbaum, '28; *Treasurer*—Elliot, '28.

R. GREENBAUM, '28,
Secretary.

Mr. Cow—"Friedland, what is the difference between condensed and evaporated milk?"

D. W. F.—"Condensed milk comes in smaller cans."

THE ORCHESTRA

Fascinating rhythm! Its got you on the go—dum-da-da-da dum-dum-da-da-boom-boom! Yes, that's us! Mauri Skaist and his Green and Gold Orchestra.

Did you attend the Alumni dance? NO! Well, too bad; anyway we'll see you tomorrow night at the Freshman Reception Dance. "Are we burning," did you say? Well, not exactly, but still you can't see us on account of the smoke. And new numbers—Oh yes! lots of them. When are we going to broadcast? Say, who do you think we are, Don Vorhees?

Listen, Frosh, we'll do all our broadcasting right here at Farm School—nine dances. And between time we have our Wednesday assemblies. As for popularity—say sonny, the applause is terrific, even though it prevents first period from starting. Have we a what kind of an orchestra? No, No, you don't mean sympathy, you mean symphony—almost, and you might look for us at the Academy of Music one of these days. What's that? Who gets caught in the traps? Does the tenor sax eat Luden's? Whoa! what do you think this is—a question box?

ROY STUHLMAN, '29,
Secretary.

Berman—"Mr. Plain, what do you call a young chicken?"

Mr. Plain—"A chick-let."

The Brodsky brothers are wondering whether a "Stone" tomato has a stone in it, if a wax bean will melt if subjected to a high temperature; and why a muskmelon can't clope (cantaloupe). They are wondering if a gooseberry has feathers, and if a whiffle tree bears fruit?

Mr. Schneider—"Wise men hesitate; fools are certain."

Turansky—"Are you sure?"

Mr. Schneider—"I am certain."

EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 23)

Part 4

"Laugh and the world laughs with you"

First Place—The Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass., is awarded the "Mythical Blue Ribbon" for the most clever and original humor, characteristic of our numerous exchanges. Read the *Item*, particularly the October number for a set of jokes which are sure laugh getters.

Second Place—The Perkiomenite, Perkiomen School, Pennsburg, Penna., captures their second award in our "Mythical Contest." It is the exchange editor's private opinion that for a real lively and clever magazine *The Perkiomenite* takes the "cake."

Third Place—The Wyoming Seminary's *Opinator*, Kingston, Pa., receives the "White Ribbon." We hope to hear much more from them in the future. Their humor is truly refreshing in these days of super-sophistication.

Honorable Mention—The *Spectator*, Warren Harding High School, Bridgeport, Conn., is next in line for honor. In future GLEANERS we hope to comment favorably on your paper quite often. Best o' Luck!

This completes the first of our bi-annual "Mythical Contests." During the coming year every exchange will receive recognition regularly. Wait and watch. To you, our companion publications, we wish a most successful year and hope that June, 1927, shall end most satisfactory for all concerned. Adieu.

S. HARVEY MALTZ, '28.

"Andy"—"What's a poet?"

"Dutch"—"A boet is a man vot writes werse, werse und werse."

Freshman Meyer wants to know if corn flakes are made from corn fodder?

Degenerated Drama

(Plays for the unintelligentsia)

A tragedy in one act

Time—Eleven-thirty P. M., Feb., 19.

Place—Lasker Hall reception room.

Party—Mayer, She, Candle-light, Social Director, Head Waiter.

S. D.: Graffman, go in and tell Mayer to come back to civilization.

Graffman exit to dining room.

GRAFF: Hey, Yulky, Mr. Samuels says come back to civilization.

SHE: Oh, Edwin, no wonder you're so crude.

(Exit Graffman with importance, Candle-light with indignation, She with rustic swain.)

Mr. Stangel—"Why do we raise wheat?"

Marks—"Because we need the dough."

A mystery in one act

Time—Six-thirty P. M.

Place—Senate room.

Dramatis Personae—Senate, Aristocracy, Bourgeoisie, Criminals, etc.

PRESIDENT: Next criminal is charged with smoking in the Dairy.

(Addressing Offender): Sir, state your case.

HOT WATER FIEND: Mr. President I cannot tell a lie, I was not smoking. The pipe was burning so I puffed upon it to blow it out.

PRESIDENT: You may leave the room.

HOT WATER FIEND: As a gentlemen sir, I go.

PRESIDENT: As a criminal sir, I fix you up.

(Exeunt all men)

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Max, the pugilist, trains daily, asks no admission but his only request is Glazer as a sparring partner.

Fires are getting to be such an everyday occurrence that students will soon be proficient enough in the art of fire fighting to demand a new department.

Chait, Jung, Strang, Zaroe, Glazer and Weschner are about to form a club known as the Elkins Park Sextet.

Since becoming a class officer, Trichon has flatly refused to wash Mr. Purlmel's milk bottles.

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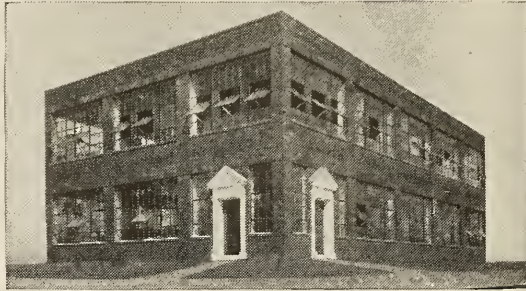
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